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MANNERS:

A

SATIRE.

Paul
By Mr. *WHITEHEAD.* *K*

Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus MORIBUS esto.

JUVENAL.



L O N D O N:

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M D C C X X X I X.

MAN V E R 2:

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S A T I R E



W

plagues which make
their name

That the people of the land

will be a curse

'Midst the most precious of these fields, I'd be

A shaw-crowned monarch, in mock majesty,

Rather than sovereign rule Britannia's fate,

Curs'd with the follies and the tares of state.

Rather in Virgates-south, O! let me dwell,

A doleful tenant of the rattling ell,

Thou art a

MANNER S:

A

SATIRE.

‘ **W**ELL---of all plagues which make
 ‘ mankind their sport,
 ‘ Guard me, ye Heav’ns! from that
 ‘ worst plague---a Court.

‘ ‘Midst the mad mansions of *Moor-fields*, I’d be
 ‘ A Straw-crown’d Monarch, in mock majesty;
 ‘ Rather than sovereign rule *Britannia*’s fate,
 ‘ Curs’d with the follies and the farce of state.
 ‘ Rather in *Newgate-walls*, O! let me dwell,
 ‘ A doleful tenant of the darkling cell,

A

Than

- ‘ Than swell in palaces the mighty store
- ‘ Of fortune’s fools, and parasites of pow’r.
- ‘ Than crowns, ye Gods! be any fate my doom;
- ‘ Or any dungeon; but — a drawing room.

- ‘ THrice happy *Patriot*, whom no courts debase,
- ‘ No Titles lessen, and no Stars disgrace.
 - ‘ Still nod the plumage o’er the brainless head;
 - ‘ Still o’er the faithless heart the Riband spread.
 - ‘ Such toys may serve to signalize the tool,
 - ‘ To gild the knave, or garnish out the fool;
 - ‘ While you, with *Roman* virtue arm’d, disdain
 - ‘ The tinsel trappings and the glitt’ring chain:
 - ‘ Fond of your freedom spurn the venal fee,
 - ‘ And prove he’s only *Great* — who dares be *Free*.’

THus sung *Philemon* in his calm retreat,

Too wise for pow’r, too virtuous to be great.

BUT whence this rage at Courts? reply’d his Grace,

Say, is the mighty crime, to be in place?

Is that the deadly sin, mark'd out by Heav'n,
For which no mortal e'er can be forgiv'n?

Must All, All suffer, who in Courts engage,
Down from Lord Steward, to the puny Page?

Can Courts and Places be such sinful things?

The sacred gifts and palaces of Kings,

A PLACE may claim our rev'rence, Sir, I own;
But then the man its dignity must crown:

'Tis not the Truncheon, or the Ermine's pride,

Can skreen the coward, or the knave can hide.

Let STAIR and † *** head our arms and law,

The Judge and Gen'ral must be view'd with awe;

The villain then would shudder at the bar;

And Spain grow humble at the sound of WAR.

WHAT Courts are sacred? when I tell your Grace,
MANNERS alone must sanctify the place.

A 2

Hence

† It is to be lamented, that the barrenness of the present times obliges the author to trust to posterity, for the supply of a proper character in this place.

Hence only each its proper name receives;
Haywood's a brothel; † *White's* a den of thieves:
 Bring whores and thieves to Court, you change the scene,
 St. J---s's turns the brothel, and the den.

Who would the courtly chappel holy call,
 Tho' the whole Bench should consecrate the wall?
 While the trim Chaplain, conscious of a See,
 Cries out, 'My King, I have no God but Thee:'
 Lifts to the Royal seat the asking eye,
 And pays to *George* the tribute of the sky;
 Proves sin alone from humble roofs must spring,
 Nor can one earthly failing stain a King.

BISHOPS and KINGS may consecrate, 'tis true;
 MANNERS alone claim homage as their due.
 Without, the Court and Church are both profane,
 Whatever Prelate preach, or Monarch reign;

Religion's

† Dr. SWIFT says, 'That the late Earl of OXFORD, in the time of his ministry, never passed by *White's Chocolate-house* (the common rendezvous of infamous Sharps and noble Cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the *English Nobility*.'

Religion's rostrum *Virtue's* scaffold grows,
And crowns and mitres are mere raree-shows.

IN vain behold yon rev'rend turrets rise,
And *Sarum's* sacred spire salute the skies:
If the lawn'd *Levite's* earthly vote be fold,
And God's free gift retail'd for *Manimon* gold;
No rev'rence can the proud cathedral claim,
But *Henley's* shop, and *Sherlock's* are the same.

WHENCE have *St. Stephen's* walls so hallow'd been?
Whence? from the virtue of his sons within.
But should some guileful serpent, void of grace,
Glide in its bounds, and poison all the place;
Should e'er the sacred voice be set to sale,
And o'er the heart the golden fruit prevail;
The place is alter'd, Sir, nor think it strange,
To see the Senate sink into a Change.

OR Court, or Church, or Senate-house, or Hall,
MANNERS alone beam dignity on all.

With-

Without their influence, palaces are cells ;

† *Crane-Court* a magazine of cockle-shells ;

The solemn Bench no bosom strikes with awe,

But *Westminster's* a ware-house of the Law.

THESE honest truths, my Lord, deny who can ;

Since all allow that 'MANNERS make the MAN.'

Hence only glories to the Great belong,

Or Peers must mingle with the peasant throng.

THO' strung with Ribands, yet behold his Grace
Shines but a lacquey in a higher place :

Strip the gay liv'ry from the Courtier's back,

What marks the difference 'twixt *My Lord* and *Jack*?

The same mean, supple, mercenary knave,

The tool of Power, and of State the slave :

Alike the vassal heart in each prevails,

And all his Lordship boasts is larger vales.

WEALTH, manors, titles may descend, 'tis true,

But every heir must *Merit's* claim renew.

† The Royal Society.

Who blushes not to see a C---- heir
 Turn slave to sound, and languish for a † play'r?
 What piping, fidling, squeaking, quav'ring, bawling,
 What sing-song riot, and what Eunuch-squawling:
 C----, thy worth all *Italy* shall own,
 A Statesman fit, where † *Nero* fill'd the throne.

SEE poor *Lævinus* anxious for renown,
 Through the long gallery trace his lineage down,
 And claim each hero's visage for his own.
 What tho' in each the self-same features shine?
 Unless some lineal virtue marks the line,
 In vain, alas! he boasts his Grandfire's name,
 Or hopes to borrow lustre from his fame.
 Who but must smile, to see the tim'rous Peer
 Point 'mong his race our bulwark in the war?

Or

† That living witness of the folly, extravagance and depravity of the *English*, *Farinello*; who is now at the court of *Spain* triumphing in the spoils of our Nobility, as their pyrates are in those of our injured merchants.

‡ A *Roman* Emperor remarkable for his foolish passion for music.

Or in sad English tell how Senates hung
 On the sweet music of his Father's tongue?
 Unconfcious, tho' his Sires were wise and brave,
 Their virtues only find in him a grave.

Not so with † *Stanbope*; see by him sustain'd
 Each hoary Honour which his Sires had gain'd.
 To him the virtues of his race appear
 The precious portion of five hundred year;
 Descended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
 Yet holds the talent lost, if unemploy'd.
 From hence behold his gen'rous ardour rise,
 To swell the sacred stream with fresh supplies:
 Abroad the guardian of his country's cause;
 At home a *Tully* to defend her laws.
 Senates with awe the patriot sounds imbibe,
 And bold Corruption almost drops the bribe.
 Thus adding worth to worth, and grace to grace,
 He beams new glories back upon his race.

Ask ye what's Honour? I'll the truth impart.
 Know, Honour, then, is honesty of heart.

† The Right Honourable the Earl of *Chesterfield*.

To

To the sweet scenes of social * *Stow* repair,
 And search the Master's breast, -- You'll find it there,
 Too proud to grace the sycophant or slave,
 It only harbours with the wise and brave ;
 Ungain'd by titles, places, wealth, or birth :
 Learn this, and learn to blush, ye sons of earth !
 Blush to behold this ray of nature made
 The victim of a *riband*, or *cockade*.

Ask the proud Peer, what's honour ? he displays
 A purchas'd patent, or the herald's blaze ;
 Or if the royal smile his hopes has blest,
 Points to the glitt'ring glory on his breast :
 Yet if beneath no real virtue reign,
 On the gay coat the Star is but a stain :
 For I could whisper in his Lordship's ear,
 Worth only beams true radiance on the Star.

HENCE see the garter'd glory dart its rays,
 And shine round E--- with redoubl'd blaze :

B. Ask

The seat of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Cobham.

Ask ye from whence this flood of lustre's seen ?
 Why E--- whispers, votes, and saw *Turin*.

LONG *Milo* reign'd the minion of renown,
 Loud his eulogiums eccho'd thro' the town ;
 Where e'er he went still crouds around him throng,
 And hail'd the Patriot as he pass'd along.
 See the lost Peer, unhonour'd now by all,
 Steal thro' the street, or skulk along the Mall ;
 Applauding sounds no more salute his ear,
 But the loud *Peon*'s sunk into a sneer.
 Whence you'll enquire could spring a change so sad ?
 Why the poor man ran military mad :
 By this mistaken maxim still misled,
 That men of honour must be cloath'd in red,
 My Grandfire wore it, *Milo* cries— 'tis good :
 But know the Grandfire stain'd it red with blood
 First midst the deathful dangers of the field,
 He shone his country's guardian and its shield,
 Taught *Danube's* stream with *Gallie* gore to flow ;
 Hence bloom'd the laurel on the Grandfire's brow :

But

But shall the son expect the wreath to wear
 For the mock triumphs of an *Hyde-Park* war?
 Sooner shall *Bunhill Blenheim's* glories claim,
 Or *Billers* rival brave *Eugene* in fame:
 Sooner a like reward their labours crown,
 Who storm a dunghill, and who sack a town.

MARK our bright youths how gallant and how gay,
 Fresh plum'd and powder'd in review array.
 Unspoil'd each feature by the martial fear,
 Lo! *A*--- assumes the God of War:
 Yet vain, while prompt to arms by plume and pay,
 He claims the soldier's name from soldier's play.
 This truth, my warrior, treasure in thy breast,
 A standing soldier is a standing jest.
 When bloody battles dwindle to reviews,
 Armies must then descend to puppet-shews;
 Where the lac'd log may strut the soldier's part,
 Bedeck'd with feather, tho' unarm'd with heart,

THERE are who say -- ' You lash the sins of men !
 ' Leave, leave to *Pope* the poignance of the pen ;
 ' Hope not the bays shall wreath around thy head,
 ' *Fannius* may write, but *Flaccus* will be read.
 Shall only one have privilege to blame ?
 What then, are vice and folly royal game ?
 Must all be poachers who attempt to kill ?
 All, but the mighty sovereign of the quill ?
 Shall *Pope*, alone, the plenteous harvest have,
 And I not glean one stragling fool, or knave ?
 Praise, 'tis allow'd, is free to all mankind ;
 Say, why should honest satire be confin'd ?
 Tho', like th' immortal Bards, my feeble dart
 Stains not its feather in the culprit heart ;
 Yet know, the smallest insect of the wing
 The horse may tease, or elephant can sting :
 Ev'n I, by chance, a lucky shaft may pour,
 And gall some great *Leviathan* of pow'r.

I NAME

I NAME not *W---e* ; you the reason guess :

Mark yon fell harpy hov'ring o'er the press.

Secure the Muse may sport with names of Kings,

But Ministers, my friend, are dang'rous things.

Who would have † *P---n* answer what he writ ?

Or special juries, judges of his wit ?

Pope writes unhurt -- but know, 'tis different quite

To beard the lion, and to crush the mite.

Safe may he dash the Statesman in each line,

Those dread his satire, who dare punish mine.

TURN, turn your satire then, you cry, to praise.

Why praise is satire, in these sinful days,

Say should I make a Patriot of Sir *Bill* ;

Or swear that *G---*'s Duke has wit at will,

From the gull'd Knight could I expect a place ?

Or hope to lye a dinner from his Grace ?

Tho'

† A famous Solicitor.

Tho' a reward be graciously bestow'd
On the soft satire of each birth-day ode,

THE good and bad alike with praise are blest ;
Yet those who merit most, still want it least :
But conscious vice still courts the chearing ray,
While virtue shines, nor asks the glare of day.
Need I to any *Pultney's* worth declare ?
Or tell him *Carteret's* charms, who has an ear ?
Or, *Pitt*, can thy example be unknown,
While each fond father marks it to his son ?

I CANNOT truckle to a slave in state,
And praise a blockhead's wit, because he's great ;
Down, down, ye hungry Garretteers, descend,
Call † *W—e Burleigh*, call him *Britain's* friend ;
Behold the genial ray of gold appear,
And rouse, ye swarms of *Grub-street* and *Rag-fair*,

SEE

† See these two characters compared in the *Gazetteers* ; but lest none of those papers should have escaped their common fate, see the two characters distinguished in the *Craftsman*.

SEE with what zeal yon † tiny insect burns,
 And follows Queens from palaces to urns :
 Tho' cruel death has clos'd the royal ear,
 The flatt'ring fly still buzzes round the bier :
 But what avails, since Queens no longer live ?
 Why Kings can read, and Kings you know may give,
 A mitre may repay his heav'nly crown ;
 And while he decks her brow, adorn his own.

LET Laureat C---r Birth-day sonnets sing,
 Or Fanny crawl, an ear-wig on the King ;
 While one is void of wit, and one of grace,
 Why should I envy either song or place ?
 I could not flatter, the rich butt to gain ;
 Nor sink a slave, to rise V--e C---n.

PERASH my verse, whene'er one venal line
 Bedaub's a Duke, or makes a King divine.

First

† A certain Court Chaplain, who wrote, or rather stole a character
 of the late Q--n from Dr. Burnet's character of Queen Mary.

First bid me swear, He's found who has the plague,
Or *Horace* rivals *Stanbope* at the *Hague*.

What, shall I turn a pander to the throne,
And list with † *B--ll* to roar for half-a-crown?

Sooner *T--r--l* shall with *Tully* vie :

Or *W--n--n* in senate scorn a ---

Sooner *Iberia* tremble for her fate

From *M---b's* arms, or *Ab---n's* debate.

Tho' fawning flattery ne'er shall taint my lays,
Yet know, when virtue calls, I burst to praise.
Behold yon ‡ temple rais'd by *Cobham's* hand,
Sacred to worthies of his native land :
Ages were ransack'd for the Wise and Great,
Till *Barnard* came, and made the Groupe compleat.
Be *Barnard* there---enliven'd by the voice,
Each busto bow'd, and sanctify'd the choice.

POINT-

† A noted agent to a mob-regiment, who is employed to reward their venal vociferations on certain occasions, with half-a-crown each man.

‡ The temple of *British* worthies in the gardens at *Stow*, in which the Lord *Cobham* has lately erected the busto of Sir *John Barnard*.

POINTLESS all satire in these iron times,
 Too faint are colours, and too feeble rhimes.
 Rise then, gay Fancy, future glories bring,
 And stretch o'er happier days thy healing wing.

WRAP'D into thought, lo! I *Britannia* see
 Rising superiour o'er the subject sea ;
 View her gay pendants spread their filken wings,
 Big with the fate of Empires and of Kings :
 The tow'ring barks dance lightly o'er the main,
 And roll their thunder thro' the realms of *Spain*.
Peace, violated maid, they ask no more,
 But waft her back triumphant to our shore ;
 While buxom *Plenty*, laughing in her train,
 Glads ev'ry heart, and crowns the warriour's pain.
 On, Fancy, on ; still stretch the pleasing scene,
 And bring fair *Freedom* with her golden reign ;

Chear'd

Chear'd by whose beams ev'n meagre want can smile,
And the poor peasant whistles 'midst his toil.

SUCH days, what *Briton* wishes not to see?
And such each *Briton*, FREDERICK, hopes from thee.

F I N I S.

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